AN

Heroick Poem

UPON THE

LATE EXPEDITION

OF

HIS MAJESTY,

To Reſcue

ENGLAND

FROM

POPERY, TYRANNY, and ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT.

By *JOHN TUTCHIN*, Gent.

LONDON:

Printed, and are to be ſold by *R. Janeway*, 1689.

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WHEN Heav'n a Godlike *Hero* does create,
By Nature Virtuous, and by Action Great,
Strait some Diviner Muse is called forth,
In Verse Immortal to declare his Worth.
Thus Antique Worthies in Destruction skill'd,
With their own Swords plough'd the *Pharsalian* Field;
Whilst softer *Ludan* sang in well-tun'd Lays,
The *Victor*'s Triumphs, and the *Hero*'s Praise.
Let old Renowned *Bards* of Honours tell,
How by their Swords the Mighty Thousands fell:
The Subject of my Younger Muse must be,
A Harmless War, and Bloodless Victory.
I sing the gentle Man of War, to whom
Distressed Nations do with Tribute come.
The mighty *Hercules*, that must Suppress
The Tyrant *Hydra* of the Universe.

In War so happy, so Divinely good,
The *Man of War's* become the *Man of God*;
As Sacred Chronicles do oft declare,
The *Man of God* was stil'd the *Man of War*.
At home in Virtue, and in Fields Renown'd,
Yet Seas themselves cannot his Justice bound.
Some Provinces were his Paternal care,
Blest with their *Jove* in Peace, and *Mars* in War;
Whilst other Kingdoms more unblest than they,
To Savage Force and Rapine were a Prey.
Old *England*, that August and Beauteous Isle,
Made great by wholsome Laws, and fruitful Soil;
Felt such Tyrannick Force without Redress,
That turn'd her *Eden* to a Wilderness.
Curst with a Government had changed ill,
The Peoples Freedom, for the Prince's Will;
Had chang'd their Chappels and their Sacred Guests,
For Wooden Gods and far more Wooden Priests;
In Courts of Justice did as Judges sit,
Lawyers without Sence, and Statesmen without Wit.
Who taught the Law the Subject to devour,
Gave it no Saving, but destroying Power.
A Tyrant Yoak th'enslaved Subject bore,
Such as their Free forefathers never wore.
Hereat our Prince his Pious care exprest,
Whilst Gen'rous Indignation fill'd his Breast.
Religious Worthies hear the dread Alarm,
And in his Cause the Warlike *Heroes* arm.
Neptune gives Ships, and *Mars* does Troops create,
All Threat Destruction to the Tyrant State.

Nature

Nature her ſelf does ſeemingly Eſpouſe,
So Brave a Gen'ral, and ſo Good a Cauſe;
Propitiouſly to their Aſſiſtance brings,
A Large Right Gale to fill their *Canvas* Wings.
Here all the Ancient Stories are made good,
Where Tears of weeping Friends augment the Flood.
One curſes Winds and Tides, that muſt Convey
Her *Mars*, her Husband, and her Guard away.
One *Theſeus* to his Briny Fortreſs flies,
Whilſt on the Shore his *Ariadne* lies:
Ere this, the *Princeſs* has the Story told,
Of *Jaſon*'s Warlike Enterprize of old,
Prays for his good Succeſs, her Loſs bewails;
With Tears ſhe fills her Eyes, with Sighs his Sails:
Mean while the *Argonauts* expand their wings,
Whilſt Roar of *Cannon* their departure ſings:
And then the Ocean's Mighty Force they try,
And Storms and Winds, a Potent Enemy.
Men-loving Dolphins now before 'em play,
From Threatning Storms no more ſecure than they.
A ſure Preſage of Boiſtrous Winds and Waves,
When the vex'd Deep in Mountains rowls and raves.
The Staggering Ships ſuſtain the Watry Stroke,
Inform'd within by many an Heart of *Oak*;
Yet great *Arion* ſings unto their Praiſe,
Tunes his Sweet Lute, and as they Dance, he Plays.
A Mighty Tempeſt riſing from afar,
The Sea it ſelf becomes the Seat of War.
Why, O ye Winds! do you ſuch Roaring keep?
And why ſuch Surges rowl upon the Deep?

You do a Great, a Royal Burden bear;
'Tis *Cæsar*, and our only Hope's your Care.
Are Storms the *Omens* of a Fatal Day?
Or are they Prologues to a Clearer Ray?
All must submit to the Decrees of Heaven,
That knows the way, and has Commission given.
Through Fields of Dangers Men to Kingdoms flye,
Toils are precedent still to Victory.

Thus does some Hostile Muse his *Hero* paint,
Expos'd to Hardship, Penury, and Want;
Leads him through Desert Paths, the Place where stand
No Fruitful Trees, but Barren Heaps of Sand;
Where Prickly *Furz*, and Lonesome Fern does grow,
And piercing Tempests keeps the Grass still low;
No Eye has seen, or Human Foot has trod;
All Wild and Desart, since the Mighty Flood;
Where Frightful Thunders oft obstruct the Day,
While Raging Winds drive the Black Clouds away;
Where Savage Beasts their several Kinds devour,
The Small ones Tremble, as the Great ones Roar:
Does him ore steepy Hills and Mountains lead,
Makes Heav'n his Canopy, and Earth his Bed;
His Pillow some hard Clod, whilst all around,
His Active Warriours slumber on the Ground:
Hunger and Death do stare him in the Face,
And are the equal Terror of the place:
Yet after all his Toils, he does him Crown,
With Lasting Honour, and a great Renown.
A Brighter Day preceding Storms succeed,
And Garlands are the *Victor's* sacred *Meed*.

Much happier they that live in Camps at Eaſe,
Free from the Dangers of the Faithleſs Seas;
Whilſt our Illuſtrious *Hero* through the Main,
Ploughs the Rough Waves with Danger, Toil and Pain:
The Giddy Fleet, drunk with the Briny Draught,
Hath other Methods, and new Councils taught;
'Tis deem'd enough through Seas thus far to come,
Are thoughtful now again of Reeling Home:
The *Prince* and *Warriours* both of Hope bereft,
Have nothing now, but Faith and Courage left;
Bravely reſolve, but 'tis in vain, they find,
T' oppoſe the Warring Seas, and Fighting Wind:
A Tyrant Troop of *Legicides* they fought,
Such as Free *Rome* of old, Deſtroy'd and Fought:
Not Warring Elements, nor yet to prove,
The Bolts and Thunder of Almighty *Jove*.
They cry to Heaven the *Ocean* to appeaſe,
And not commit them to Devouring Seas;
Heav'n hears their Pray'rs, and ſends 'm Gentle Gales,
To ſink their Cares, and fill their well-trimm'd Sails:
Now Lucky *Halcyons* brood upon the Deep,
The Seas are ſilent, and the Wind's aſleep:
The wiſh'd-for Shore's in view; and at Command,
The long Diſtreſſed *Heroes* Mount and Land.

Thus *Moſes* once through many Toils did bring,
A Vaſſal people from a Tyrant King;
At his and God's Command the Raging Flood,
Parted its Waters, and a Bulwark ſtood,
Whilſt *Iſrael*'s Seed trod the Imperial way,
Where lately Fiſh and Sea-born Monſters lay:

No sooner had they toucht the other Shore,
But the great Billows meet again, and Roar;
The Tyrant *Pharoah*, that did lately Rave,
And rode on's Subjects necks, now rode a Wave,
Which soon ore-turn'd his Tyranny and Pride;
The slaves had Freedom, when the Tyrant dy'd:
VVhen lo! the Ransom'd slaves orespread the Sand;
And at their *Moses*, and their God's Command,
They join in Thankful Notes, and Praises sing,
To their Deliverer, th' Eternal King.
Thus sang our other *Moses*, and his Host,
VVho more God's Blessing, than their Conquest, boast.
Thus sings my Muse, the *Man of War*, that lands,
A Prey from Treacherous *Seas*, and Faithless *Sands*.
Ah wretched *Albion*, how untun'd, unstrung,
Have our lov'd *Harps* upon the *Willows* hung?
Our Charming Bards to *Thames* and *Isis* told,
Their *Streams* did flow like *Babylon*'s of old:
No *Poetry* must pass, but serv'd the Cause,
Or some *Suspending* Ballad of the *Laws*.
Thrice Happy *Albion*; we, the *Man of War*,
His Godlike Virtues, and his VVorth declare.
Freedom (the much-lov'd Theme) our Lines adorn,
Of which our Fathers sang beneath the Morn.
He that has pass'd the *Seas* Tumultuous Rage,
VVhat greater Dangers has he to Engage?
A Listed Field of *Arm'd* and *Martial* Foes,
New formed Dangers, and new Terror shows;
VVho all in hopes of Foreign *Aids*, Combine
VVith Foreign Councils, and with Foreign Coin;

VVho

VVho of their great Alliance boaſt, and tell,
Of *Rome*'s good VViſhes, and Decrees of Hell.
The Bloody VVretch, the *Bog-begotten Teague*,
Is the weak Prop of the deep-laid Intrigue;
In ſolid Maſſacres and Murders read,
Through Treaſons deep, and ſecret Poiſons led:
Beſides, ſome Liſted Troops againſt the Laws,
The fitteſt Champions in ſo Damn'd a Cauſe.
But what can *Teagues*, and the *Repealers* do?
The Beſt are to their Nation's Int'reſt true,
The Peoples Freedom, and the Subjects Right;
And can't againſt themſelves and Countrey Fight.
Here Juſter Muſe expand thy weary wing,
The Men of Honour and their Praiſes ſing!
Great *Beaumont*, and the reſt, whoſe Names of late,
Have got a Praiſe above the Reach of Fate;
VVho nobly could Reſign, and ſo declar'd,
They had their Laws above their VVealth preferr'd:
VVhilſt to the reſt, they Great Examples ſtood,
VVho in the worſt of Times dar'd to be Good.
Our Nobles whilome Melancholly ſate,
Nor durſt they ſtop th' impetuous ſtream of State,
Tho the Foundation-Piles it overturn'd;
VVhilſt the wrong'd Subject, like its waters mourn'd.
Their Native Rights they ſtill expoſed ſaw,
To Sovereign VVill, and Arbitrary Law.
Tho they could ſoon the Maſſy Fetters break,
It was not Prudence, nor yet Time to ſpeak.
Thus does ſome yielding Maid her ſelf betray,
And gives to ſome vile VVretch her Heart away;

Who by Deluding Words, and falſer Charms,
Draws the miſtaken Damſel to his Arms;
Where ſoon ſhe finds, by a too late Surprize,
It was her Honour was his only Prize.
'Tis vain to ſtruggle, hoping Succour's near;
She ſooths and flatters the loath'd Raviſher,
When at the door ſhe hears her Father tread,
Who ſtrikes the bold and wanton Lecher dead.

Thus forc'd by Impious Might, the Nations lay,
Nor durſt they put the Tyrant-Bonds away;
Till mighty *Naſſau* had his Weapons took,
And the new-raiſed *Babel-building* ſhook:
When ſtrait a num'rous Crowd oreſpread the Sand,
To welcome their *Deliverer* on Land;
With joyful Shouts, the Stranger Army join;
Lord! how their *Spears* and *Brittiſh Targets* ſhine!
With ſuch rough Boys *Old England* us'd to go,
To Fight, and to Deſtroy th' Invading Foe.
Anger did then, as Joy now, fill each Breaſt;
Ne're was Invading Army ſo Careſt?

Brave *Cornbury* has more Honour got,
By a Surrender, than to've kill'd and fought;
And will more Glory in our *Annals* ſhare,
Than Bloody Saints in *Roman Kalendar*.
Nor muſt our Noble *Lovelace* be forgot,
Who firſt oppos'd, and ſmelt the *Ethnick* Plot;
Who fearleſs of the Law-deſtroying Yoke,
Firſt ſtopp'd the Fury of the Threatning Stroke;
Welcome, Great Soul, from durance to Command,
And all the Bleſſings of the Joyful Land:

May you in War, ſucceſsful Fortune meet,
And humble *Teagues* lye proſtrate at your Feet!
Nor be the reſt unprais'd, but write their Name,
On the Chief Pinacle of Tow'ring Fame;
Which fears not Eating Age, nor Fatal Shock,
But like our Iſle is built upon a Rock:
When after Ages ſhall our Stories read,
Then Fame ſhall tell what wondrous Works they did.
In equal Numbers then it ſhall be told,
How *Macclesfield* the Grave, the Wiſe, the Old,
Took War and Toils for an inglorious Eaſe,
To give the Kingdoms Liberty and Peace.
How Standing Troops did from their Leaders flye,
To ſave their Honour, or in Freedom dye:
How *Rome*'s own Sword did *Rome*'s own King ſubdue,
How e'en the Sea *Tarpaulins* proved True.
The Youths unborn, ſhall laſting Statues raiſe;
And late Harmonious Bards ſhall ſing their Praiſe.
Now let our Mighty *Naſſau* view the Land,
And ſubject Towns bending to his Command,
Conquer'd by Goodneſs, not o'recome by Might,
Nor dy'd by Native Blood in Martial Fight.
Indulgent Heav'n deſigned it ſhonld be,
An Eaſie, Cheap, and Bloodleſs Victory.
Tell it in *Gath*, and let the News be known,
In all the ſpacious Streets of *Askalon*:
Let *Sion*'s Daughters in our Triumphs ſing,
And to the *Choire* Immortal *Stanzaes* bring.
Our Old Men did not the Rough *Ponyard* feel,
Nor fell our Young Men by the Fatal *Steel*:

Our Conqueſt not one Scene of Death affords;
Nor were our *Plough-ſhares* turned into *Swords*.
Now is *Auguſtus* to *Auguſta* come,
And Crouds of Joyful People ſhout him home:
The Joyful Sound fills Villages Remote,
And Neighb'ring *Eccboes* lengthen ev'ry Note.
To the Great Standard all Mankind reſort,
And make a Crowded, and a Splendid Court.
No grand Impiety does here bear ſway,
Nor Luſt and airy Pleaſure crown the Day,
Reſt here, Great *Prince*, in Honour and Renown,
Till willing people ſhall your Temples Crown,
With laſting Garlands, and yield to your Hand,
The Great and Awful Scepter of the Land.